

You
want
Mutton?

THEY'LL LOOK AFTER IT!



Nancy and her sheepdog puppies.



Out for a run with mother, this puppy is learning the way "Moss" does it.

ONE of the most important workers on a farm is the sheepdog, and it is part of the farmer's job to train them. It is not as simple as it sounds, and needs an abundance of patience, extending over years, to bring them to perfection.

In the hills of Northumberland, at Scots Gap, a pretty 26-year-old girl, Miss Nancy Telfer, is doing the job. She is an expert at handling sheepdogs, and has given many exhibitions in different parts of the country, including a Royal Show. She has a grand litter of collies to look after now, and they are all worth their weight in gold, because of the pedigree and inherited sense for the work expected of them.

It is a grand sight to see Nancy riding the "range" astride a fine thoroughbred, with her pet dog "Moss" trotting at heel, waiting for the word of command to go to work on the sheep.

For a great number of years the Telfer family have had prize-winning dogs; in fact, "Old Hemp," a border collie, was bred by Grandfather Telfer many years ago, and its strain has gone far and wide. In many places it is now called the Welsh Collie, or Scotch Collie; but nevertheless the stud book started at Telfer's.

Patience is an important factor in training the dogs, and if a dog has "eye"—meaning powers of concentration, and sense—it is a point always of great value to their consequent capabilities.

Many dogs have not this gift, and it is hard to train it into them. "Moss," a really efficient sheepdog, will stalk a chicken or farmyard poultry, walking very slowly, first raising one foot, slowly turning right, then the other foot, turning left, keeping the bird well and truly going in the direction his mistress requires it, without deviating a yard.

Nancy is as keen as ever on getting the best from her dogs, putting them through their paces each and every day, getting the youngsters accustomed to working with sheep, by giving them a little work each day, and, more important still, keeping them interested by variation in the work.

It looks an easy task to pen sheep at an exhibition with an experienced sheepdog. It is, to an expert, but tons of patience and energy have been expended in the making of his or her perfection.

Nancy says, "The dogs simply love to work, and are never happier than when working with the sheep. It is a life I really like. Ever since I left school at sixteen I have been interested



"Moss" and one of her puppies playing.



A circle of puppies scrambling at the food dish when the meal is put out. In a few years they, too, will be rounding sheep for farmers all over the country.

In the working of sheepdogs, and they are grand helpers. Farming would be much harder work without them.

There's a grand sheepdog trainer who gave Nancy her lessons, and that's Adam Telfer, but he says that Nancy is just as good now. . . .

KEEP YOUR HAIR ON! says RONALD GARTH

IS your hair turning grey? Are you failing to keep your hair on?

If these topical questions worry you, they have a topical answer. Scientists have recently proved that a real link exists between hair and emotion.

Worry can really turn hair white. Emotion provokes adverse glandular action, and the glands in their turn can turn hair grey by refusing to manufacture colouring pigment.

And as so few women lose their hair, it was thought at first that the sex glands would prove a dominating factor. Bald-headed men were advertised for and given serums embodying the feminine glandular qualities. The results revealed exactly nothing.

Then it was discovered that if children are given minute quantities of thallium acetate, a

poisonous drug, they lose all of their hair. Adults taking more of the same drug lose only the hair on top of the head.

MATTER OF NERVES.

The queer point is that thallium acetate affects the sympathetic nervous system, and it looks as if the scalp growth is also influenced by the sympathetic nerves.

Yet if it was as simple as that, scientists themselves wouldn't go grey!

In some families, premature balding is hereditary. And your hair doesn't come out by the roots, because there aren't any roots. The hairshaft grows from a socket in the scalp, surrounded by vital cells.

If a hair falls out, another one will grow, provided the cells are undamaged. At least 40 hairs normally fall out of

the scalp every day, but they are usually replaced.

Only in one case in three does hair fall faster than it can grow.

LIFE OF A HAIR.

Did you know that a crop of hair lasts from two to four years? Or that the value of singeing is doubtful? When the medical experts took over, they disproved a lot of barber-shop tales.

Far from silk-fine hair being linked with genius, it is common among convicts!

One man recently tested the theory that tight hats cause hair trouble. He fitted a glass hat over the head of a patient and observed the results.

Sure enough, the tight hat caused insufficient ventilation and perspiration. Under this, the natural oils that lubricate the skin dried up and the hair cracked.

Movie Fans! Here's all about VIRGINIA GILMORE

By Call Boy

MUCH has been said of the spirited rivalry between the two West Coast cities of San Francisco and Los Angeles. Both have their good points, but neither will deign to recognise the other's.

However, there's one thing that made Los Angeles take its hat off to the Golden Gate city. In January, 1939, Virginia Gilmore dropped off a San Francisco train in Los Angeles and the Southland city forgot its differences to thank San Francisco for presenting its movie industry with such a fine dramatic discovery.

Blonde, brown-eyed Miss Gilmore really wasn't looking for a chance in the movies when she dropped off at the movie capital. She had bought a railroad ticket to New York, where she hoped to get a Broadway stage start. Then she was told that one of Sam Goldwyn's talent scouts had seen her stage work in San Francisco and would like to see her if she came to Hollywood. Goldwyn took one look and said, "Would you like to make pictures for me?" She said she would, and signed a contract.

For one year, Virginia spent her time watching other stars such as Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan work before the movie cameras. Her first—and biggest—disappointment came when she was mentioned for the feminine lead in "The Westerner," then failed to get the role.

FIRST FILM.

Late in 1940, 20th Century-Fox signed an agreement with Goldwyn to share Virginia's contract, and her first film job came in the leading role for 20th Century-Fox's "Manhattan Heartbeat." Her ability as an actress asserted itself in this film, and within nine months she appeared in the feminine lead of four other pictures—"Laddie at RKO," "Jennie," "Tall, Dark and Handsome," and Zane Grey's "Western Union," all for 20th Century-Fox.

Virginia Gilmore was born in Del Monte, California, on July 26, 1919, of British parentage. Her father, a retired British Army officer, is Albion Winchester Poole. Her mother, is divorced and now remarried, is Lady May Gilmore, the Lady being a given name and not a title. Virginia's real name is Sherman Poole.

She attended Immaculate Heart Convent in Hollywood through grammar grades and the first year of high school, then attended the University of California.

As long as she can remember she has wanted to be an actress. She made her first appearance at the Green Room Theatre in San Francisco in the role of Winifred in "The Awakening of Spring." She was 11 at the time. She really won her act-

ing spurs in 1935, when she played the role of May in John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men" at the Green Room Theatre. Steinbeck directed this, the first presentation of his play, giving the cast the final pages of the script a few hours before curtain-time for the premiere.

SALES GIRL.

The only work other than acting in Virginia's career occurred when she worked one day selling handkerchiefs during a Christmas vacation at a San Francisco department store. The sales girls were not allowed to sit down, and by 5.30 she was so tired that she was selling dollar handkerchiefs for fifty cents just to get rid of her customers. She was promptly fired, and got no pay because of her underselling activities.

After finishing school Virginia got a chance to read a commercial announcement on the radio. This led to other radio jobs, and soon she was appearing regularly at San Francisco stations.

Outside of her career, Virginia has no particular hobbies. She reads a great deal, and is not particularly athletic, although she likes to ride and being a given name and not a swim.

She says her only superstition is not to talk about hopes or plans until they are realized.

She'd like to vacation in England some time, likes to sleep ten hours a night, and uses Toujours Moi perfume. Some day she also wants to own a kennel of assorted breeds of dogs. She loathes people with loud voices. She lives with her mother and half-brother in Beverly Hills.

As a girl, she was taught singing and piano, her earliest childhood memory being the

pained look on her parents' faces as she continued to play off-key during her piano recitals.

PICTURE RECORD.

"Manhattan Heartbeat," "Laddie," "Jennie," "Western Union," "Tall, Dark and Handsome," "The Man Who Came Back," "The Loves of Edgar Allen Poe," "Orchestra Wives," "That Other Woman."



No wonder Goldwyn took one look and said "Would you like to make pictures for me?"

Periscope
PageWANGLING
WORDS—90

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after TATO, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of RAKE BEHIND, to make a Northern town.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: ROOF into TREE, HOSE into PIPE, HILL into TOPS, LOCK into HAIR.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from TRANSPIRES?

Answers to Wangling
Words—No. 89

1. MESdAMES.
2. SCARBOROUGH.
3. ROSE, DOSE, DOTE, DOLE, DOLL, DULL, FULL, FALL, WALL, WALK, HALF, HALL, TALL, TALK, TACK, BACK, CUE, CUT, PUT, PIT, TIT, TIP, BOAT, BEAT, BENT, CENT, CANT, CAST, PAST, PACT, PACE, RACE.
4. Mice, Rope, Pore, Pier, Ripe, Rime, Mire, Room, Moor, Mope, Poem, Rose, Pose, Rise, Pies, Sire, Poor, Coop, etc. Prime, Corps, Crops, Scope, Poems, Rooms, Score, Scoop, Prose, Poser, Moper, Roses, Proem, Copes, Sperm, Spore, etc.

MIXED DOUBLES

The following are jumbles of pairs of words or things or people often associated together.

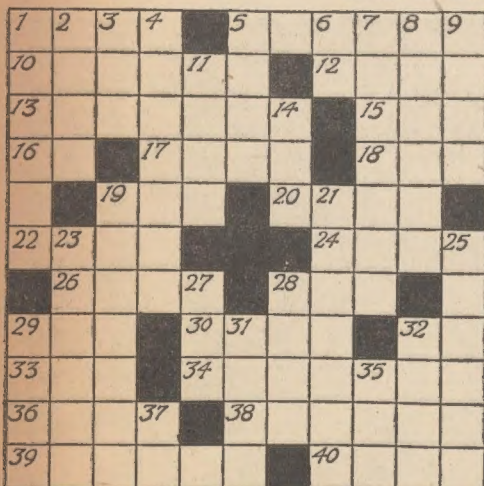
- (a) DRAWN TO PIPE.
(b) CUTS MAR DRESS.
(Answers on Page 3)

Answers to Quiz
in No. 127

1. A large baboon, native of West Africa.
2. (a) Robert Browning, (b) Anthony Trollope.
3. 10 will not divide by 4; the others will.
4. Something taken in exchange for something else.
5. Greece.
6. A bragging, cowardly fellow.
7. A mania for French ways.
8. Five knots.
9. The skipper of the schooner "Hesperus."
10. By counting the rings on their scales, or on their ear-bones.
11. Maps.
12. A marine shell.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



CLUES DOWN.

1. Precisely defined.
2. Willingly.
3. Curves.
4. Rodents.
5. Strap on bit.
6. Close to.
7. Turret.
8. Antelopes.
9. Brief department.
11. Song for two.
14. Pull hard.
19. Short garments.
21. Ape.
23. Tossles.
25. Wooden rods.
27. Cloth flap.
28. Saucy.
29. Loathe.
31. Throat wraps.
32. Indian coin.
35. Cry of crows.
37. Letters of learning.

1. Bang.
5. Wandered.
10. Harangue.
12. Colloquial hat.
13. Replenish.
15. Pile.
16. Supposing.
17. Cafe list.
18. Insect.
19. Sleeping place.
20. Gibe.
22. Gentle run.
24. Untidy state.
26. Hop kill.
28. Part of theatre.
29. Mean dwelling.
30. Countenance.
32. Three and a seventh.
33. Space of time.
34. Of borax.
36. Those folk.
38. Onset.
39. Attempts.
40. Farm animals.

WASTE BOTCH
ARMADILLO E
GRAND ADAGE
EAR YAM DUD
SITS CEASES
GIRISH R
SNARED AIDS
EEL ASP MOO
ADDER ROANS
M EVENING O
STRAD MEEK

A LETTER FROM
THE MURDERER!

Dr. JEKYLL and Mr. HYDE

By R. L. Stevenson

quite safe. Mark my words, he will never more be heard of."

The lawyer listened gloomily; he did not like his friend's feverish manner. "You seem pretty sure of him," said he, "and, for your sake, I hope you may be right. If it came to a trial, your name might appear."

"I am quite sure of him," replied Jekyll. "I have grounds for certainty that I cannot share with anyone. But there is one thing on which you may advise me. I have—I have received a letter, and I am at a loss whether I should show it to the police. I should like to leave it in your hands, Utterson; you would judge wisely, I am sure; I have so great a trust in you."

"You fear, I suppose, that it might lead to his detection?" asked the lawyer.

"No," said the other. "I cannot say that I care what becomes of Hyde; I am quite done with him. I was thinking of my own character, which this hateful business has rather exposed."

Utterson ruminated awhile; he was surprised at his friend's selfishness, and yet relieved by it. "Well," said he at last, "let me see the letter."

The letter was written in an odd, upright hand, and signed "Edward Hyde"; and it signified, briefly enough, that the writer's benefactor, Dr. Jekyll, whom he had long so unworthily repaid for a thousand generousities, need labour under no alarm for his safety, as he had means of escape on which he placed a sure dependence.

The lawyer liked this letter well enough; it put a better colour on the intimacy than he had looked for, and he blamed himself for some of his past suspicions.

"Have you the envelope?" he asked.

"I burned it," replied Jekyll, "before I thought what I was about. But it bore no postmark. The note was handed in."

"Shall I keep this and sleep upon it?" asked Utterson.

"I wish you to judge for me entirely," was the reply. "I have lost confidence in myself."

"Well, I shall consider," returned the lawyer. "And now one word more: it was Hyde who dictated the terms in your will about that disappearance?"

The doctor seemed seized with a qualm of faintness; he shut his mouth tight and nodded.

"I knew it," said Utterson. "He meant to murder you. You have had a fine escape."

JANE



ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman

PLOUGHING BY CAMEL.

Here is another kind of plough, but it is wooden. On the banks of the Nile they harness camels to the ploughs—still the apparatus that doesn't go deeper into the soil than a few inches, which seems a pity considering all the Heath Robinson type of harness necessary. But then, as they did it so in Pharaoh's time, the Egyptian is satisfied to do it still.

he thought, it might be fished for.

Presently, after he sat on one side of his own hearth, with Mr. Guest, his head clerk, upon the other, and midway between, at a nicely calculated distance from the fire, a bottle of a particular old wine that had long dwelt unopened in the foundations of his house.

The room was gay with fire-light.

Insensibly the lawyer melted. There was no man from whom he kept fewer secrets than Mr. Guest, and he was not always sure that he kept as many as he meant. Guest had often been on business to the doctor's; he knew Poole; he could scarce have failed to hear of Mr. Hyde's familiarity about the house; he might draw conclusions. Was it not as well, then, that he should see a letter which put that mystery to rights? And, above all, since Guest, being a great student and critic of handwriting, would consider the step natural and obliging?

The clerk, besides, was a man of counsel. He would scarce read so strange a document without dropping a remark; and by that remark Mr. Utterson might shape his future course.

"This is a sad business about Sir Danvers," he said.

"Yes, sir, indeed. It has elicited a great deal of public feeling," returned Guest. "The man, of course, was mad."

"I should like to hear your views on that," replied Utterson. "I have a document here in his handwriting; it is between ourselves, for I scarce know what to do about it; it is an ugly business at the best. But there it is, quite in your way; a murderer's autograph."

Guest's eyes brightened, and he sat down at once and studied it with passion. "No, sir," he said, "not mad, but it is an odd hand."

"And by all accounts a very odd writer," added the lawyer. Just then the servant entered with a note.

"Is that from Dr. Jekyll, sir?" inquired the clerk. "I thought I knew the writing. Anything private, Mr. Utterson?"

"Only an invitation to dinner. Why? Do you want to see it?" "One moment. I thank you, sir," and the clerk laid the two sheets of paper alongside and sedulously compared their contents.

"Thank you, sir," he said at last, returning both. "It's a very interesting autograph."

There was a pause, during which Mr. Utterson struggled with himself. "Why did you compare them, Guest?" he inquired suddenly.

"Well, sir," returned the clerk, "there's a rather singular resemblance; the two hands are in many points identical, only differently sloped."

"Rather quaint," said Utterson.

"It is, as you say, rather quaint," returned Guest.

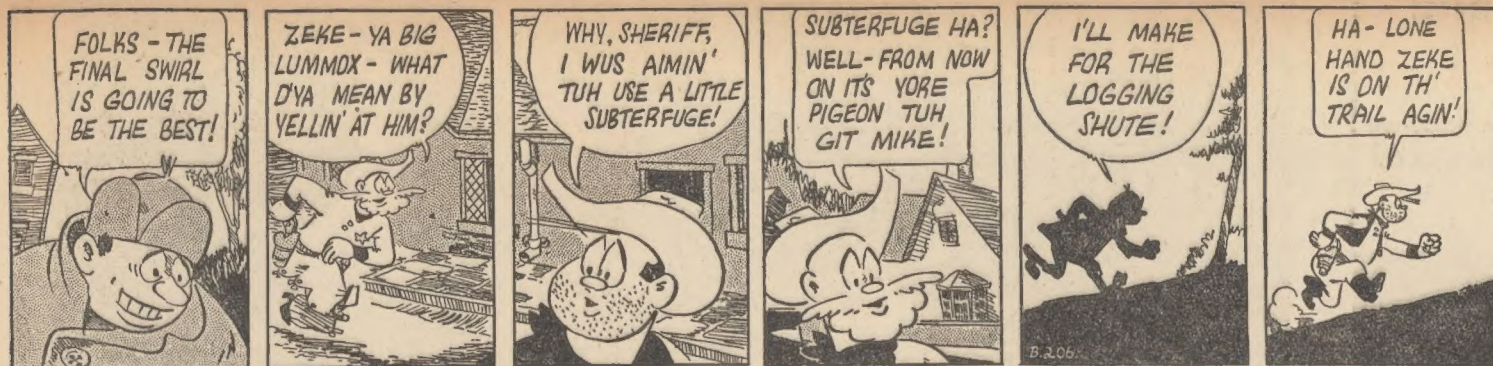
"I wouldn't speak of this note, you know," said the master.

"No, sir," said the clerk. "I understand."

But no sooner was Mr. Utterson alone that night than he locked the note into his safe, where it reposed from that time forward. "What!" he thought. "Henry Jekyll forge for a murderer!" And his blood ran colder in his veins.

(To be continued)

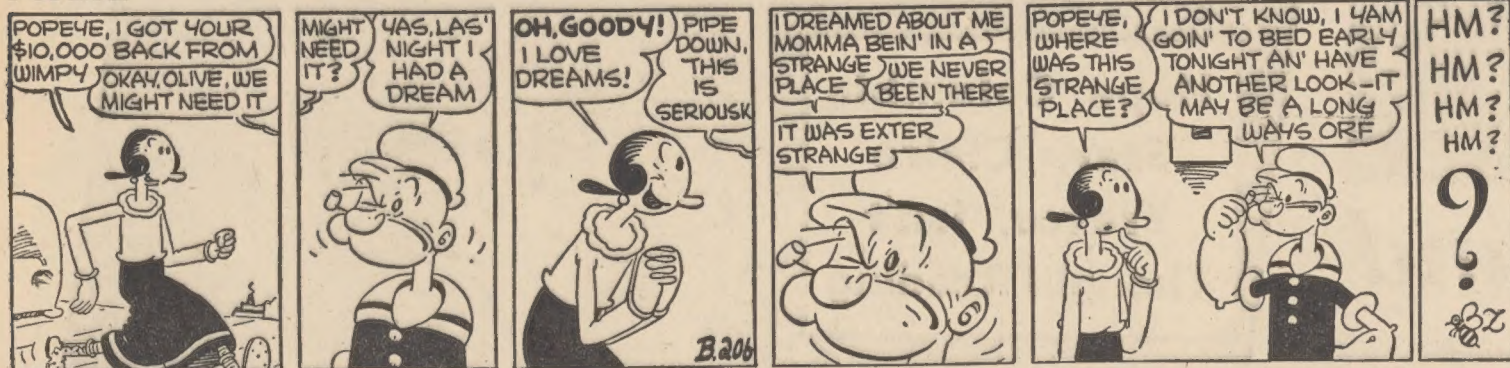
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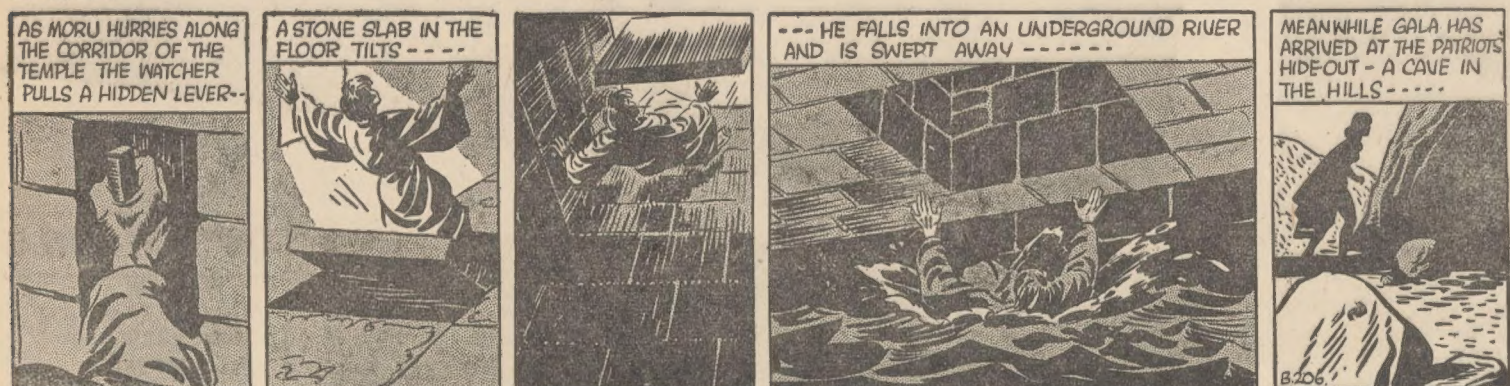
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Joanna Southcott's Box

By RONALD GARTH

THOUSANDS of Navy men have been puzzled when they came ashore by advertisements demanding the Bishops to open "Joanna Southcott's box." In the previous war, posters placarded throughout Britain made the same demand, and in 1924, 1929, 1934 and again in 1935, thousands of people petitioned the Archbishop of Canterbury for "the box" to be opened.

What is this mysterious box and who was Joanna Southcott? Behind these questions lies an amazing story.

It began in the year of the French Revolution, when Joanna, then a middle-aged English woman, began to write down a series of prophecies in rhyme. It was no time before 100,000 people were hanging on Joanna's words.

Joanna produced 65 books in 22 years, all connected with prophecies as to the future and the end of the world.

The climax of her career came when, as an unmarried woman of 64, she announced that she was to give birth to "Shiloh."

A famous West End surgeon and three other practitioners examined her and reported that she was indeed to be a mother.

Her excited followers prepared a cradle covered with gold leaf and a splendid layette of fine lace, and waited expectantly for the event. But Joanna died, and her "happy event" proved to be dropsy.

THERE WERE SEVEN.

Far from this disconcerting her followers, her boxes kept interest alive.

A year before her death, when she left Worcester for London, as many as seven boxes were piled into the stage-coach.

NUMBER ONE'S SECRET.

One was opened in 1840 by a gentleman named Foley, whose father had died, leaving a Southcott box and a missing fortune. The box contained nothing more than a mass of "prophetic" writings.

NUMBER TWO'S DISCLOSURE.

In 1927 a scientist declared that he had a box which he intended to open.

Eighty bishops were invited to the opening, but only one complied. At the same time, X-ray cameras were turned on the box to probe its secrets. The finished photographs clearly revealed an old-fashioned pistol, which, it was feared, would go off like a booby trap into the face of the first man to open the casket.

At the Hoare Memorial Hall, Westminster, the lid was lifted. The pistol lay harmlessly beside a dice box, a pair of ear-rings, some ancient novels, a lottery ticket, a bead purse, and other stuff.

Before long another box was being boosted. It weighs 156lbs., is corded and nailed with copper nails, and is contained in an outer box. It has never been photographed.

To further confuse the puzzle, there are two Southcottian associations. One, with headquarters at Blockley, are the custodians of a box. The other, proclaiming that they intend to make a sacred city of Bedford, have a good pedigree, but apparently no box. It is they who are always asking for the box to be opened.

NUMBER THREE—CONDITIONS.

They insist on 24 bishops being gathered together to open the box, with the extra condition that the 24 must study Joanna's works for three days beforehand.

The Blockley sect refuse to tell where they keep their box; but they require no bishops at the opening, and will be content if 24 clergymen meet 24 Southcottians.

But whether this is the box must remain a mystery—until opened.

Argue this out for yourselves

SHIPS.

IT is the shipping industry which from around 1550 sought out, found, built up the entire fabric of our Empire. This it did unsupported, in the hope of trade. The shipping industry is the mother of the Old Navy, and in sober fact the mainstay of our lives. It has ridden out storms of a thousand years.

Philip Runciman (Chairman, Anchor Line).

THE YOUNG.

THERE may come a day when doctors will be little needed, lawyers not at all; but the care of the young will always be the problem of each age. During the last fifteen years we have had a striking example of the power of education in Germany. True, weeds grow quicker than flowers; but never before this has the power of education, however bad and misguided, been so fully illustrated.

M. Geraldine Ostle (a former teacher).

Answers to Mixed Doubles.

- (a) POWDER & PAINT.
(b) MUSTARD & CRESS.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

Mother and daughter

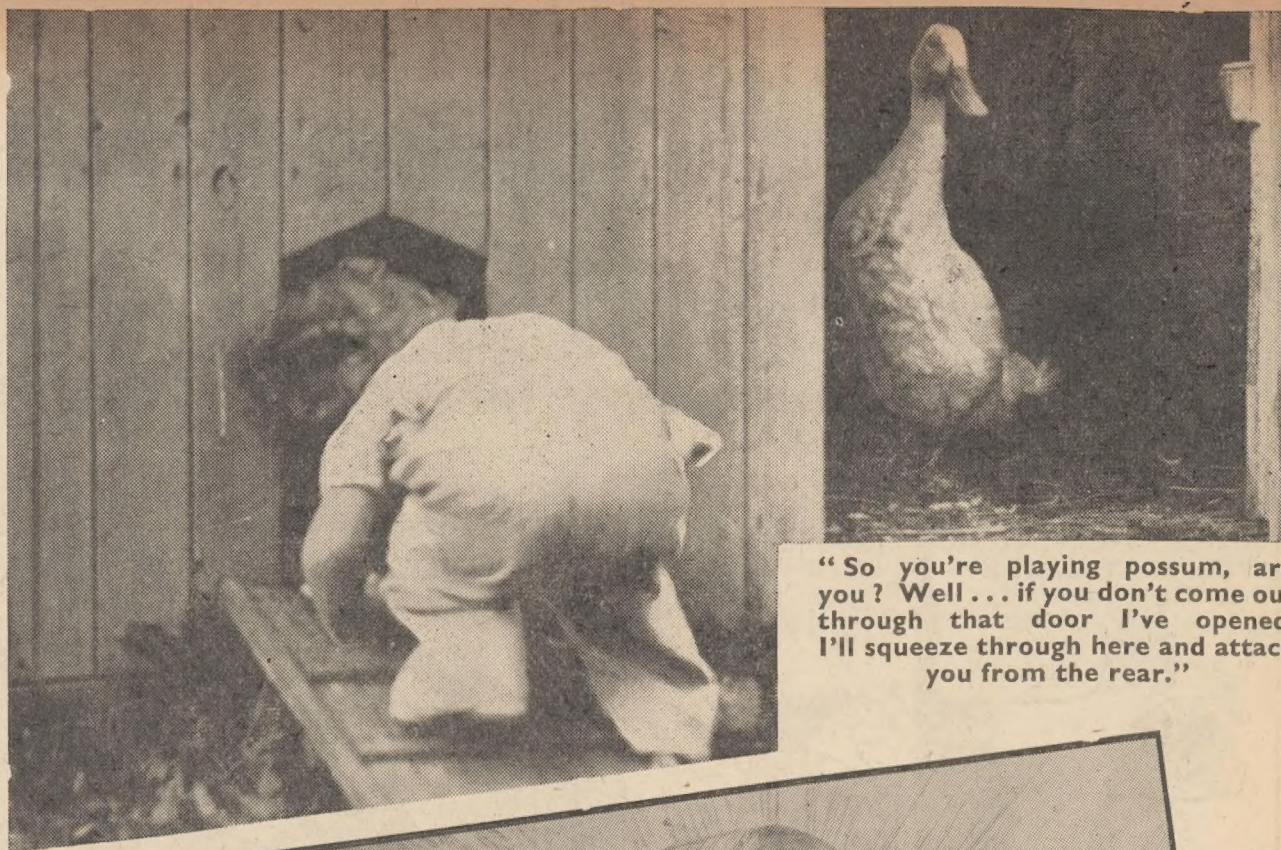
"Look pleasant now, we must have a nice one for Poppa."



This England

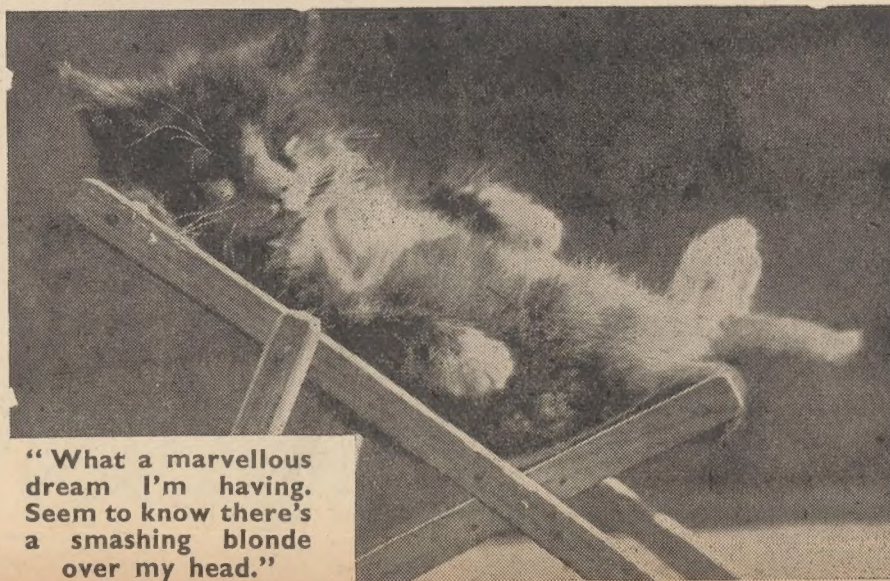


The Old Water Mill, Fordingbridge, Hampshire. Yes, we quite agree. A spot of fishing in the mill-pond or even idling on the bank, would be an excellent way of spending the day.



"So you're playing possum, are you? Well... if you don't come out through that door I've opened, I'll squeeze through here and attack you from the rear."

Hope Columbia Star, Claire Trevor, isn't Thought Reading



"What a marvellous dream I'm having. Seem to know there's a smashing blonde over my head."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

'I'd love to unsling that guy's hammock.'

